

Umbrella

by Caitlin-Chan

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Summary: [Rated for language](Once again not a very good Hamtaro fic.. It doesn't even have the Ham-Hams in it..well it does, but unmentioned) A sequel to Stolen Treasures on Jake's behalf. Song by Unfinished Thought.

Umbrella

(Song by Unfinished Thought)

A/N: Ah, another song fic to another beautiful song by Unfinished Thought. The last one was a little violent, this may be just a bit, but...you know. Some of you guys STILL might be saying, "WTF, MATES?Â¿" but screw you, too. Wellys, not really 'cuz I really wouldn't say that. Just stop saying that! ::hits you on head:: There are a lot of f's (pretty much every sentence he says) and swears and stuff...

After the story of Stella and Jake, a lot of people asked me, "Is Jake dead? Whatever happened to him?" He did not die, believe it or not, even though a knife was thrown at his back and he seemed to have had. He was found and taken to the hospital, where they found out of his mental and suicidal problems. So they sent him somewhere...

"Please, 12467, wake up," a stern voice groaned into Jake's ear.

Jake jumped up. He was a very timid looking now with even larger pale green eyes. Jake breathed slowly as he brushed his beige fur out of his face.

"It's time for breakfast." The stern voice was an official looking mental institution worker. Jake was institutionalized, and they were in Jake's hospital room.

"I don't fucking want any fucking breakfast." Those were usually the

first words of Jake in the morning.

"C'mon, 12467-"

"My fucking NAME is Jake. I fucking wore that fucking name tag for a fucking month, and I'm fucking sick of every fucking one of you fucking people fucking calling me fucking **_12467_**."

"...C'mon, Jake, you need to eat breakfast. If not-"

"I fucking WANT to fucking die. Do you fucking not fucking get it?"

"C'mon, Jake! We're trying to get you to a healthy level so you can live on your own again!" The worker grabbed Jake's wrists but paused to look at the deep scars in them.

"Stop fucking looking at my fucking scars."

"Sorry, Jake." The worker started pulling Jake off of the hospital bed. "You HAVE to eat breakfast."

"I don't fucking want any fucking breakfast!"

"Am I going to have to give you another IV again today?"

"Just fucking leave me fucking alone!" Jake wrenched away from the worker and curled up in a ball.

"Nurse, looks like we need another IV!" the worker shouted out the door.

Jake quivered: needles. Needles were one of his fears. He stood up off the hospital bed. "You know, I fucking think I fucking want some of that fucking breakfast."

Jake was pushed by a wheelchair by the worker to the institution's dining room. As they were going, Jake asked once again today, "What's your fucking name again?"

"Sigh... Shaun. That's my name again."

"Shaun." The first sentence of the day that did not have fucking in it was that. Well, it was not really a sentence; it was more of a fragment.

Shaun always stayed around Jake to watch after him. He only rested when he knew Jake could not hurt himself, such as when he was sleeping at night. He realized Jake was not a very happy and colorful character. Shaun always tried to read to him; Jake did not enjoy it. He always tried to play cards or board games with him, but Jake still would not smile even a little.

Jake and Shaun arrived in the dining room. They ate breakfast without a sound. After that, Shaun took Jake back to his hospital room. This was both of their's most dreaded part of the day.

"Alright, Jake, I want you to tell me how you feel," Shaun said as he brought out a notepad.

Jake looked down at his paws which had had their claws dulled since the mental institution workers figured out Jake slit his wrists with them. "I fucking want to fucking die. What fucking else?"

"Please, Jake, part of the recovery process is trying not to use the 'f' word in every sentence."

"Sorry, I fucking won't fucking do that."

"Sigh... Next question: why do you feel these feelings?"

"Fucking because I'm fucking surrounded by fucking people that fucking want me to fucking stop trying to fucking kill my fucking self."

"Could something be done to prevent these feelings?"

"If you fucking would fucking leave me fucking alone for a whole fucking day, and maybe I fucking might fucking feel something fucking else. And fucking maybe if I fucking could fucking kill Stella and that fucking Mike and those fucking double fucking agents and the fucking rest of them."

"So if I left you alone for a day, you might be happier?"

"That's fucking what I fucking said, and I fucking wouldn't be fucking happier, I'd fucking be fucking less fucking depressed."

"Alright, just stop using that word."

"Fuck you, you fucking bastard, now fucking leave me fucking alone."

Shaun sighed again as he stood up. Jake glanced down at the ground and inquired, "May I fucking have a fucking piece of fucking paper and a fucking pen?"

"Alright," Shaun said as he walked out the door. He walked back in a few minutes later with a pad of paper and a pen.

"One last fucking thing, fucking Shaun."

"Yes?"

"Fucking open my fucking window."

Shaun muttered things under his breath as he pulled out keys to unlock the barred window. He unlocked it and pushed open the glass window. Shaun then locked back the bars. He then walked to the door and whispered, "Jake, once you get over your depression and you can live on your own safely, you can get out of here. Go into the game room and play some card games and make some friends. Be sure to eat lunch by two and dinner by eight. If I don't see you in there, I'll come back in here to check on you." He then walked out the door.

::It's Another Great Day To Be Here Kept Alive::

::And I'm Too Afraid To Even Go Outside::

::For Fear I Might Be Left There Paralyzed::

"Oh, so fucking great, it's fucking raining," Jake grumbled as he looked outside at the dark and dreary gray sky and the rain brushing in on him as he sat next to the window drawing out a map. He was drawing a map that he had memorized down onto paper. Jake forgot where he had seen the real map, but he knew he had seen it somewhere in the institution.

"Jake?" Shaun inquired as he walked into the hospital room. "It's about six in the evening. Have you eaten yet?"

Jake looked up at Shaun. He had lost track of the time. He shook his head no as Shaun crossed over to the hospital bed and to the barred window. Jake watched him close the window even though Jake preferred it open.

"I fucking lost fucking track of the fucking time." Jake shrugged as he looked down at the ground and flipped his map over.

Shaun sat down beside Jake. "Did you go to the game room and make some new friends? Tell me."

"Fuck? No."

"...Did you go to the game room at all?"

"Fuck, no!"

"Where did you go?"

"Fucking nowhere."

"What did you do in here?"

"None of your fucking business, Mr.
I-Fucking-Forgot-Your-Fucking-Name-Fucking-Already."

"Shaun is my name, but it rather disappoints me that you still can't remember my name since you've been here since last March and it's now November... And I want to know what you did. I'm very intrigued by you."

"Bull-fucking-shit, it's fucking your fucking job to fucking say that fucking shit."

"No, Jake, I really am."

"You're fucking lying."

"You can believe what you want to believe, and I'll believe what I want to believe. Deal?"

"...Fuck."

"That's not really it, but alright, I suppose... What did you need the paper for?"

"Fuck you, Shaun."

"Tell me, Jake, otherwise I'll take it away from you."

"You fucking can't because it's fucking my fucking property."

"Yes, I can."

Jake sighed and frowned even more. "I fucking don't fucking know. I fucking just drew fucking shit on it. What's so fucking special about fucking that?"

"I just need to know, Jake. Now c'mon, you've got to eat dinner now; you skipped lunch."

"I fucking don't fucking want any fucking dinner. I still fucking want to fucking die."

"Jake... I'm warning you... You're about to cross the line, mister..."

"Fuck you, Shaun."

Shaun had had about all he could take from this guy. He turned to the door and shouted, "Nurse, I need a few IVs!"

"That's fucking just a fucking threat," Jake retorted.

Shaun turned around quickly. "I've had this job for a while, and not one of my past patients have been as sad or as mental or as suicidal or as you'ish as you. I worked miracles for tens of others, and I plan on working a miracle for you, too. That's why I'm not going to allow you to keep on making me feel sorry for you and your little love you had that threw a knife at your heart and you almost died. I'm one of the best here, and I plan on having another 'I Saved Another Life' plaque in my body and soul."

A few nurses walked in with a table full of needles. Jake rolled up his newly-made map in his paws as he backed away. Shaun ripped the map out of Jake's paws and whispered harshly, "I'll be taking this so you won't worry about it anymore."

Jake jumped up. He did not know how long he would remember the map. "Fucking give me fucking back my fucking map."

"Oh, it's a map? I see..."

"FUCKING GIVE IT FUCKING BACK!" Jake screamed and lunged toward Shaun. Shaun stuffed the map in one of his coat pockets quickly before Jake almost collided into him. Shaun was a lot more muscular than Jake since Jake did not ever do anything with himself half the time, and he leaned Jake back against the hospital bed and shouted commands at the nurses standing around. Jake continued screaming and sobbing as the group held him down.

"Calm down, Jake," Shaun whispered. "Calm-"

Jake pushed Shaun and the nurses away as he ran for the door. He ran out and scurried down the hallways but did not know where he was going. He heard the others nearby, but he reached a dead end. Jake collapsed onto the ground screaming as Shaun and the nurses ran to

him. He screamed and sobbed at them as they got him back on his feet and led him back to the hospital room.

::It's Sad When The Rain Falls::

::When It Makes No Sound::

::When It Falls Out Of Order::

::When You're Not Around::

Later that night, Jake lied motionless on his hospital bed. Shaun sat next to him looking into his pale green eyes. He sighed and muttered, "Jake, why aren't you happy? Who or what caused all of this?"

Jake looked up at Shaun. "Fucking Bad Hams. They fucking did this fucking shit to me. I fucking only fucking liked the fucking girl... But fucking no, fucking Mike fucking liked her, and she fucking liked him. The fucking end."

"Then why did you try to get her to marry you?"

"Fucking because I fucking liked her. But she fucking hated me."

Shaun did not say anything else. Jake just ignored him as he looked out the window at the pale full moon. He wished he could break through it and be able to walk up proudly again, but he knew he never could again.

"I'll fucking never fucking be able to fucking get out of this fucking place, will I?"

"I don't know. You may be able to if you try hard enough. If you would just TRY being happy..."

"What the fuck is happy?"

"...You don't know what feeling happy feels like?"

"It's fucking been a fucking long fucking time since I've fucking felt that fucking shit. I fucking don't fucking know fucking what it is fucking anymore."

"...Well, happiness is where you feel complete-"

"And I fucking feel fucking incomplete." Jake ended the conversation by breaking off.

Shaun sighed as he reached into his coat pocket and brought out the map. Jake glanced over and saw it.

"Fucking give me that fucking thing."

Shaun shrugged his shoulders as he handed it to Jake. "I couldn't figure it out."

Jake unrolled the map and looked at it. What he had written out was still on it. "Fucking dumbasses such as fucking you fucking wouldn't fucking understand it."

"...Jake?"

"WHAT?"

"If you didn't say the 'f' word in every sentence, you would recover better and faster."

Jake paused. Maybe he could get out...

"...Alright, then. I won't."

"Why have you been using-"

"To turn everyone off so they would leave me the fu-...alone."

"See? You're recovering already."

Jake nodded. He was not exactly sure of what Shaun was saying, but he tried to believe it.

"Aren't you happy?"

"Uh, I don't know what happy is, Shaun..."

"And you even remembered my name."

"Heh." Jake 'purposely' always forgot Shaun's name.

"Well, I'm out, Jake. Go to bed, get some rest, and then wake up in the morning with a new and beginning start." Jake saw Shaun smile mildly as he got up and walked out the door.

Jake sat up and continued glaring hard at the map. He knew it could have led to anywhere, but he was willing to go anywhere other than here. Jake was not sure where he should have started, but he guessed he should start from his room.

::It's Worse When The Night Falls::

::When I Hide Underground::

::When I Live My Disorders::

::When I Let Myself Down::

It was not exactly easy to interpret it after he had made it. Jake added a few more details and switched things around. By morning it looked pretty good. He glared at it and thought, _Maybe it'll take me out of here... I hope. If it doesn't, I'll..._

Shaun walked in the door right then. He looked at Jake who had dark circles underneath his eyes from staying up all night. "Are you alright, Jake?"

"...Yes, yes, I am." Jake for the first time realized he was deathly tired.

"Maybe I should just bring breakfast-"

"Oh, I'm fine. I just stayed up too long and didn't go to sleep..."
Jake rubbed the back of his head.

"If you say you're alright, I'll believe you."

Wow, he doesn't know the connection of looking someone in the eyes and knowing they're lying concept, does he? Jake thought.

::Through Forever My Gaze Will Appear Satisfied::

::But It's Your Affection That Keeps Me Terrified::

::Of Years I Might Spend Drowning In Your Eyes::

The rain was still falling from the roof of the sky. Jake was thinking as Shaun walked out of the room to get the wheelchair to push Jake in. Jake rolled the map up tightly and stood up on his feet. Shaun walked back in with the wheelchair, and Jake sat down in it. Shaun pushed him out of the room and down the hallway.

Jake unrolled his map and followed it from the beginning (he believed the beginning to start at his room) to where they were headed. Jake was puzzled when they seemed to be following the pathway the map laid out.

They were going straight down a hallway to the dining room. The map turned right, but they were going straight. He looked up at Shaun before yelling, "I'LL GET OUT OF THIS FUCKING PLACE AND I WON'T EVER SEE YOU AGAIN AND NEVER THINK OF TURNING BACK!" Shaun was puzzled, but he somewhat realized something was definitely wrong when Jake stood up and ran down the hallway and turned right...

::It's Sad When The Rain Falls::

::When It Makes No Sound::

::When It Falls Out Of Order::

::When You're Not Around::

Jake followed the map down the many hallways. There were so many doors, but he tried not to get confused. He ran down stairs, up stairs, down hallways, up hallways, until he came to a large metal door which was the exit to outside. Jake breathed slowly as he placed his paws on the cold metal door. He realized after a minute it had set off an alarm, and everyone now knew where he was at. Jake pushed the door once, and it opened up to outside. He could hear people walking down the stairs that had led him to the door, so he took off running.

Running, running, running was Jake. He ran into the dark November morning and into the forest next to the institution. He could hear the shouts behind him, the ones not able to see him.

Pretty soon the shouts faded from his hearing range. Jake kept running though he could not even see the map...

::It's Worse When The Night Falls::

::When I Hide Underground::

::When I Live My Disorders::

::When I Let Myself Down::

He kept running and stopping and resting and running some more until he came to a river. Jake realized he had been traveling all day, and it was now dark from night. Out of the faint moonlight, he could see a girl with beautiful brown hair tightly holding herself to a guy hamster. They were atop of the waterfall. The girl hamster heard him, turned around, and glared right at him. Suddenly, they both knew each other. But Jake was so tired that before he fell back onto the ground unconscious, he heard the girl scream, "Jake! It's-"

A/N: DUN DUN DUUUN. This song fic connects with one other, and you'll soon figure it out. Don't think this is the end because IT IS NOT. This is the beginning of the omega...

End
file.